

# The Oxford County Citizen.

Mrs. Gilbert Tuell

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## THE FIRST YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE

Hold at South Paris Baptist Church on Saturday, March 15. Marked Enthusiasm

The Baptist Church at South Paris was well prepared and beautifully decorated for the First Young People's Conference ever held in the State. The day was fair. By ten o'clock nearly one hundred delegates had registered. The badge committee with good taste and sound judgment had prepared attractive blue and white badges for every one.

Rev. E. H. Brewster and Miss Ruth A. Carter were the chief speakers. They were efficient leaders for the entire day. The general chairman, Rev. C. B. Oliver, opened the conference by introducing the chairman of all the committees, the speakers and the orchestra—the Herrick family and Miss Madeline Brinkman from Bethel. Miss Ruth A. Carter then introduced the official young people's applause which all soon learned by doing. Election of officers followed. A conservation committee was appointed. At eleven o'clock came the simultaneous session when the boys went to one room and the girls to another. Splendid speeches were presented by the young people of both of these groups.

Mr. Brewster spoke at length to the boys and Miss Carter to the girls. The subject was, "Fourfold Growth." 1. Physical; 2. Intellectual; 3. Social; 4. Religious. Mr. Brewster said: "The person who does not develop properly in the above mentioned ways becomes lopsided and is like a deformed tree or person who is a freak of nature. There are 1600 lakes in Maine. Every body should know how to swim. A strong body is necessary. Health is beauty. Smoking and coffee drinking although very common now will gradually give way before a great desire for health—physical power. Mental—Mr. Brewster spoke of the place of books in the world; the need to know; the power which comes into the life through art and good literature and music. Social—He said it is great to be able to help other folks have a good time. Jesus did. Racial prejudices are wrong. It is a man's job to help others to happiness. Then regarding the religious side of a man's life Mr. Brewster said: "Too many men develop three sides of their lives and overlook the fourth—the religious. The greatest men in the world have been and are men of prayer. 'The morning watch' is worth while. The biggest men in the world have been constant in church attendance. The Church of Jesus Christ is standing and always has stood for the best things and is today fighting the real enemies of civilization. Every one should observe communion—the day set apart like Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays and Armistice Day—to remember."

While Mr. Brewster was speaking to the young men Miss Ruth Carter took the girls' picture by asking such questions as would permit each girl to see exactly the condition of her own personal life as it was related to the social, intellectual, physical and religious standard. The conference picture was taken at 12:15. Lunch hour was 12:30. The afternoon was used to explain the value of organized classes. Then all came together to listen to Miss Carter's remarks on Young People's Departments. At 4:30 the Bethel boys challenged the South Paris boys to a game of basketball in the High School gym.

Mr. Carl Fuller, Principal of the school, said: "I think this Young People's Conference is the best possible event with young people I have ever seen."

The big banquet began at 6:45. The South Paris people know what young people like to eat. Who ever saw so much cream pie? During the banquet the Herrick family orchestra played later everyone sang "Hallelujahs" had a game, Reigh, Enigh, Oh!

Reports, prizes, thanks were given and when the final banquet song was reached

"Farewell life is what we're striving for, We should raise this standard ever more; Work and play and study, too, All will make us better leaders; Play awhile in God's great out of doors; Study in His own great Book of Life; Then pray that we may be more true; Till we meet again."

All marched upstairs to worship with out speaking a word. Worship was conducted and the evening program carried

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## SIDNEY IRVING FRENCH

In the passing of Sidney Irving French, Bethel has lost one of its most loyal and energetic citizens. Mr. French had been confined to his home for only a week. At the Thurston mill fire he contracted a cold, but had been able to be out until Sunday, Mar. 8, when he was confined to his bed. He seemed to be getting better until Friday morning when the heat that had been strong, weakened, and he slowly sank until the end came at about eleven o'clock Sunday morning.

Mr. French was born in Albany, Me., on June 22, 1852, the son of the late James and Sarah French. He was united in marriage with Anna B. Twitchell, daughter of the late Dr. Almon and Phoebe M. Twitchell in 1876, and to this union three children were born: Corneilia B., who died in young womanhood; George H., who is married and resides in Turner, Me.; and Alice P., who resides at home. Mr. French has spent the greater part of his life in Bethel, and had many friends who will miss him.

When a young man he became affiliated with Mr. Abram Lodge, No. 31, I. O. O. F., and he has always been a faithful and loyal member, rarely missing a meeting. He was deeply interested in the work of the organization, and was always willing and ready to take part in any of its work. He has been one of the trustees for a number of years, and has also served the lodge as secretary and treasurer, was a Past Noble Grand, and also served this district as District Deputy, and at the present time was chairman of the lodge. He was also a member of Mollycoddet Encampment of West Paris. He was a charter member of Sunset Rebekah Lodge, No. 61. He was also a charter member of the Hook and Ladder Company and had been its secretary since the organization of the company about thirty years ago. He was also a member of the Universalist Comrades, and was interested in the welfare of the Universalist Church.

He was a master carpenter and builder, and one of the last of the men who served the old time apprenticeship. As he decided not to enter business for himself as a contractor, he continued to work with the late Gilbert Tuell and for many years took great pleasure in his associations and work with him.

Especially during the last few years his books, papers and magazines were a great joy to him. He was much interested in politics and took great interest in all public questions, while any thing pertaining to out-of-door life fascinated him.

One of the most marked characteristics of his life was his deep and abiding love for the great out of doors. He cared little for public gatherings but instead he was constantly seeking the solace which Mother Nature offers to her children and up to within a few months of his death he was roaming over his beloved hills and valleys at every opportunity, either with rod or gun, or more often in search of wild flowers or berries or just for sheer love of Nature's myriad beauties. Who shall say that the rock-bound hills unto which the rest of us look for strength, the lakes and rivers, the whispering sentinels of the forest, the birds and wild creatures, will not miss their friend of many years?

He is survived by his wife, one son and one daughter, one brother Josiah French of Greene, Me., and four grand children, Harold, Frances, Robert and Dorothy French, and several cousins.

The funeral was held at the Universalist Church on Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock, Rev. Frank E. Bates of Rockport, Mass., a former pastor and intimate friend, officiating, assisted by Rev. W. W. Wolfe. The Old Fellows and Rebekahs attended in a body. The Old Fellows performing their impressive service.

Interment was at Woodlawn cemetery.

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## THE J. E. JONES LETTER

WHISPERING TONGUES If "whispering tongues can poison truth" then a lot of characters must be sacrificed while a few rascals will be made to feel the vengeance of an outraged people.

"The Senate should stop investigating and get down to business," shouted a Dishop, making "the babbling gossip of the air cry out," thus proving that religion and politics, like water and oil, do not always mix even with the help of radio.

Bitter politicians playing bitter politics have turned attention away from the fact that the Senate investigation has been a search for rogues and grafters. Two eminent lawyers, former Senator Alcee Pomeroy and Owen J. Roberts, are in charge of the prosecutions that will be pushed, and such cool-heads as remain in Washington will hope for better procedure through the courts than is possible in an organized political body like the Senate.

The average American citizen favors exposure and punishment of grafters, whether in high or low estate; and the same citizens decried the spreading of "whispering gossip," no matter whether the whisperer be a Vanderlip pecking beneath the shroud of Mr. Harding, or a scandal-monger besmearing the private life of Woodrow Wilson, or irritating Theodore Roosevelt to the point where he was compelled to go to court to prove that he was not a near-drunkard.

A Washington newspaper writer observes: "Any secker after notoriety, any moron, can climb a soap box and curse." But honest men in public life are demanding that guilty men be punished.

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## BETSY JANE BARKER

Mrs. Betsy Jane Barker passed away at the home of her son, Mr. Earl Barker, at Norway, Me., Wednesday, March 12, after an illness of some four weeks.

Mrs. Barker was born in Waterford, Maine, Aug. 16, 1845, the daughter of Cyrus and Hannah Upton Moore.

In 1853 she was united in marriage with Amos Hastings Barker, and for a time they resided in Albany which was the birthplace of their twelve children.

Some time later they moved to Bethel village, where on Nov. 5, 1908, the husband and father passed on to a higher life.

Mrs. Barker was a devoted wife, a loving mother and much loved by her many friends. Her cheerful manner and quiet wisdom made her always a welcome guest.

She is survived by one brother, Salom Moore of Norway, and two half brothers, Roscoe and Frank Emery of Albany, by five sons, Arthur V. Barker of Hallowell, Wash., Amos H. of Hallowell, Mass., Eben E. of Monticello, N. H., John A. of Stoneham, Me., and Earl H. of Norway, Me.; five daughters, Mrs. Alvin Brown of Norway, Me., Mrs. Edwin Smith of Bethel, Me., Mrs. Zeas Mills of Albany, Me., Mrs. Fred Shaker of Harrison, Me., and Mrs. Charles Black of Bangor, Me.; forty-six grandchildren and fifty-one great grandchildren. One son, Cyrus A., and one daughter, Hilda H., passed on before her.

She has been lovingly and tenderly cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barker with whom she has made her home since the death of her husband.

Funeral services were held at the late home on Pleasant Street, Norway, March 14, at 2:00 o'clock. Many friends and relatives were present, also many beautiful flowers which was a proof of the love and esteem in which she was held.

The Rev. Mr. Miller spoke many kind words which were very comforting to the bereaved ones.

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## BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. Harry Sawin was in Lewiston, Wednesday.

Mr. Arthur Herrick was in Rumford, Tuesday, with his snowboat.

Herrick Bros. Co. unloaded another carload of Ford's last Thursday.

Mrs. L. J. Littlehale is confined to her home on Vernon Street by the grip.

Hon. H. H. Hastings and E. C. Park, Esq., were in South Paris, Tuesday, to attend Probate Court.

Mrs. D. Grover Brooks and son, Dana, were week end guests of her father and sister at Berwick, Me.

Members of Strathglass Commandery in town enjoyed a banquet and dance at Grange Hall, Friday evening.

Miss Maud Russell of Hanover was a guest Monday of her aunts, Mrs. Rosella Bean and Miss Kate Howe.

Harry Churchill's nephew, who has been staying with him for some time, returned to his home in Mechanic Falls last week.

Miss Mildred Bosserman was called to Waban, Mass., the first of the week by the death of her aunt, Mrs. L. B. Folsom.

Miss Hattie Blake, who has been assisting in the Farrington home at Locke's Mills, has returned to her home in town.

The cold weather of the past week has been a gentle reminder that winter is still with us, but signs of spring are also here with crows, blue-jays and other birds on the scene.

The many friends of Mrs. Gleason, the widow of a former pastor of the Congregational Church of Bethel, were joined to hear of her death last week. It may be recalled that her husband passed away a few weeks previous. The daughter, Madeline, has the deepest sympathy of a host of Bethel friends.

Posters are not for the Legion here. The full program will be given in next week's issue. Don't forget the date, March 25th.

"When the band begins to play Everyone will start to sway, We'll show some class, I'll say At the Moonlight Cabaret."

Last Thursday, Mrs. H. C. Howe entertained the Ladies' Club in her pleasant home. After an interesting program which consisted of a vocal solo by Mrs. Wright, a paper upon Alaska by Mrs. Emma Van Den Kerkhofen, and items of interest regarding this wonderful part of the United States, from many of these present. Delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Rowe and her assistants. All present were united in adding this as one more of the pleasant afternoons of our Club.

The Missionary entertainment held at the M. E. Church last Friday night proved a decided success. One of the chief features being a dramatic sketch with a cast of characters as follows:

Leader, Bertha Wheeler; Olive Wood; Martha Kendall; Carrie Arno; Alice Capen; Ethel Hazleton; Constance Wheeler; Maudie Capen; Mary Cummings; Emma Robertson; Ada Tyler; Emma Tyler; Flora Gibbs; Edith Grover; Mrs. Duffield; Mrs. Joy; Mrs. Thrifty; Mrs. Duffield.

Friends of Miss Ethel Fames of East Norfolk, Mass., formerly of Bethel, will be interested to learn of her recent marriage in New York City to Mr. James A. O'Neill of East Norfolk, Mass. Mrs. O'Neill was born in Bethel, a daughter of the late William B. and Elizabeth Barker Esq., and her early education was acquired in the Bethel schools and Gould's Academy. Later she became a student of the piano in Boston. For several years before her marriage she was employed as private secretary in a vocational training school for the deaf at East Norfolk, Mass. Mr. O'Neill is a native of New York City, where he was educated. He served his country overseas in the World War and held responsible governmental positions. Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill will reside in Taunton, Mass.

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## GOULD'S ACADEMY

On Friday evening, March 14, a most delightful reception and dance was held in the William Bingham Gymnasium. The occasion was in honor of the basketball team and Coach Clayton Fossett. In the receiving line were Principal and Mrs. P. E. Hanson, Mrs. L. U. Bartlett, Mrs. A. Van Den Kerkhofen, Miss Ella Littlehale, Mr. Clayton Fossett and the members of the basketball team with Manager Willard Bean.

Following the reception Coach Fossett expressed his appreciation of the hard work and close cooperation of the members of the team and made special mention of those who had played on the second team, giving them a large share of the credit for the development of a winning team. Mr. Fossett then awarded letters to the following players: Charles Swan, Madison Berry, Walter Berry, Frank Keniston, Robert Goddard, Guy Thurston, Donald Sweeney, and manager Willard Bean. There followed the presentation of a beautiful silver loving cup to the Senior Class as winners of the inter-class basketball series.

Sub-master E. H. Brasher made a few remarks concerning the success of the team, summarized the games played and paid special tribute to the clean sportsmanship and high ideals shown by the team. He then announced the presentation of a miniature gold basketball, engraved with G. A. 1923-24, to each member of the team and the coach. These tokens were purchased by a fund, subscribed by loyal alumni and friends who wished to show their appreciation of a season of fine sport. Mr. Brasher called upon Mr. Roger Bartlett to make the presentation.

Principal P. E. Hanson spoke further of the splendid record of the team, emphasizing the fact that such a team could not have been developed without the best of direction. In behalf of the faculty he then presented Coach Fossett with white gold cuff links in recognition of his splendid work.

The remainder of the evening was occupied with dancing and bridge. The gymnasium was charmingly decorated in gold and blue by streamers hanging from the lights and others draped gracefully from the ceiling. Unique dance orders representing basketballs brought forth much favorable comment. Much credit is due the committee in charge, Miss Kathryn Hanson and Miss Moriel Park, for the success of this occasion.

On Monday evening, March 17, in the William Bingham Gymnasium, the Girl Reserves of the Y. W. C. A. presented the operetta, "The Isle of Chance."

Ruth Hastings as Greed, King of the Isle of Chance, for five thousand pounds, offers to show the way to fortune to the Captain of the Good Ship Essex (Ellen Cottrell), and his company who have been wrecked when lured onto the rocks by the siren notes of King Greed's Polities. On a Grouch, (Virginia Goodnow), a derelict on the Isle of Chance, followed by his shadow, Despair, (Betty Emery), drinks from a spring said by King Greed to be poison. On a Grouch discovers it to be the spring of ambition and loses his shadow, Despair.

In a game of chance with the Captain to determine who shall possess all of the fortune they expect to find, King Greed wins and Despair hovers over the shipwrecked company until Lord What's the Use, (Ann Magraves) learns from On a Grouch that the supposed poison spring is in truth the spring of ambition. The entire party drink therefrom, much to the chagrin of King Greed, from whose control they escape, and leave the Isle of Chance.

This was a very delightful entertainment and was presented in a manner reflecting much credit to the members of the cast, and to their director Miss Frances Whiteside who was assisted by Miss Moriel Park at the piano.

Special mention should be made of the work of Ruth Hastings, Virginia Goodnow, Ellen Cottrell, Ann Magraves and Viola Everett. The graceful dancing of Viola Everett was much enjoyed. By request of friends, this operetta will be presented again in the William Bingham gymnasium on Friday evening, April 11. The proceeds of the second performance will be used to purchase a set of encyclopedias for the school library.

GOOD-NEWS FROM THE PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

Miss Florence Hale will be the speaker at the next Parent Teacher meeting, April 11. Special committee appointed for this meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Farwell and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Beck were in Biddeford, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of Mr. Walton Wright.

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## FAME OF MAINE FESTIVALS KNOWN ABROAD, SAYS WAGNER

Praise For W. R. Chapman Voiced by Son of Great Composer—Invites Him to Balthus—To Conduct in Wagner Theater There

The following taken from the Portland evening Express of Monday, Mar. 18, will be of interest to our readers: William Rogers Chapman, organizer and director of the Maine Music Festival, was enthusiastically praised by Siegfried Wagner, son of the great Richard Wagner, at a Rubinstein rehearsal for the parlor of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, a few days ago, when Mr. Chapman was conducting and the great German musical conductor was present at the performance. Mr. Wagner not only expressed his admiration for Mr. Chapman's work, but invited him to Balthus to conduct in the theater specially erected for the production of Wagner's works which has since attracted music lovers from all over the world.

"You have a Balthus right here in America if you can give such concerts as these," said Mr. Wagner referring to the Maine Music Festival with much interest and assuring Mr. Chapman that the Maine Festivals are well known in Germany for their musical achievements.

The presence of Mr. Wagner at the rehearsal was also a delight to Mrs. Chapman, who visited Balthus in 1914, when she attended the last performance of Parsifal before the war, in the national theater, constructed after the designs of Richard Wagner himself. The theater occupies a site on a hill overlooking the town and is reached by a broad avenue of shade trees. In connection with the theater is a school for the training of volers to participate in the Wagner festivals. The remains of Richard Wagner are buried on the grounds of his interesting private residence in Balthus.

Of interest to Portland music lovers in this connection is the fact that Miss Sigrid Onegin, the noted Swedish contralto, now with the Metropolitan Opera, who was the star of the last Rubinstein concert and was the star of the Maine Music Festival in Portland last fall, is to be the principal artist at Balthus next season. As Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are conversing with Mr. Wagner at the Waldorf-Astoria on the occasion of the rehearsal Miss Schumann Heink entered the parlor and old associations were delightfully renewed with this great singer, who spoke with deep feeling of her happy experiences at the Maine Music Festival and requested Mr. and Mrs. Chapman to give her love to everyone in the State.

There is still another link in the chain of incidents which makes the meeting of the Chapmans and Mr. Wagner of special interest in Portland. There is great interest at the present time in Richard Wagner's A Siegfried Idyl, in that the composer wrote this score from themes in the music drama of that name to be performed on the first birthday of his son, Siegfried. This same son is in this Country today conducting a number of the principal orchestras of the country, and the beautiful music which he inspired at the age of one, is to be performed in City Hall auditorium by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the occasion of its annual engagement here this season.

Mr. Wagner in discussing the Maine Festivals with the Maine conductor even expressed the wish to be present at one of them next fall. He became a music conductor in 1903 traveling in this capacity on the continent and in England. He is the composer of several operas and orchestral pieces.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman who are now spending two weeks at their country home in Bethel, will return to Portland, Monday, March 25, when there is to be a rehearsal of the Portland Festival Chorus. Both the director and his wife will be present on this rehearsal and some interesting Festival announcements are to be made.

BOOZ NEWS

Beaver Patrol—Early meeting, 8:30 P. M., Thursday evening. Be on line, having eaten less supper than usual, for refreshments will be served first to those who are up to date with \$0.21 worth of dues for the year to date. Meetings first and third Thursdays of the month.

January 1 Thursday 10  
2 Thursday 20  
February 3 Thursday 25  
4 Thursday 25  
March 5 Thursday 25

Dues to go back to 10 in July.



## ASKED AND ANSWERED

## ANNOUNCEMENT

This is a big new feature in The Oxford County Citizen. Send in your questions, and address them to U. S. Press Association, Continental Trust Building, Washington, D. C. Please enclose two cents in stamps for reply. Do not include medical, legal, courtship and marital questions, or expect attention to matters requiring extensive research. Mention this paper when you write.

Q. Was was the author of Dixie? Did this author have any other compositions?

A. "Dixie" was written by Daniel D. Emmett, who was born at Mount Vernon, Ohio, in 1815 and died in 1894. He was a member of Bryant's Minstrels, was a good singer and played many instruments. He was also deeply religious. He wrote "Dixie" between a Saturday and the following Monday, and it was first sung on September 19, 1859, at 472 Broadway, New York. The Confederate soldiers sang it while marching, in camp, and while fighting; the singing of this melody was a big factor in adding to the fighting qualities of the southern soldiers.

Q. At what rate has the use of the telephone developed in the United States?

A. There were 22,872 telephone stations in the United States in 1890, and 15,000,101 telephones in the Bell system at the beginning of the present year. It is the most important of the utilities of America.

Q. The percentage of illiterates in Mexico is 77 per cent; in Bolivia, 92 per cent; Brazil, 82.2, and in Guatemala, 92.7.

Q. How many motion picture houses are there in the United States, and to what extent are they controlled by trusts?

A. There are approximately 17,837 theaters in the United States. Of these about 1,700 are first-run theaters. Some show six or seven days a week, some more or twice, some are closed during certain months of the year. Small houses are largely in the majority. There are only 25 houses with more than 2,000 seats. About 1,312 theaters show only 1,000 seats. There are 471 theaters with more than 1,000 seats. There are 12,709 theaters with less than 1,000 seats. New York has more than 600 motion picture houses; Chicago more than 500, and Philadelphia more than 400.

Q. What is the world's leading retail?

A. Dry Flagg, of Aberdeen, South Dakota, holds the championship, having scored in three games, 570, 590, 590; a total of 1,750, and an average of 583.

Q. What rate of street car fares prevails throughout the United States?

A. The majority of American cities, according to a survey of the American Electric Railway Association, show a fare of a cent or a cent and a half. A total of 113 cities have a fare of 15¢, 19¢, 25¢, 35¢, 45¢, 50¢, 60¢, 75¢, 80¢, 90¢, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00, 10.50, 11.00, 11.50, 12.00, 12.50, 13.00, 13.50, 14.00, 14.50, 15.00, 15.50, 16.00, 16.50, 17.00, 17.50, 18.00, 18.50, 19.00, 19.50, 20.00, 20.50, 21.00, 21.50, 22.00, 22.50, 23.00, 23.50, 24.00, 24.50, 25.00, 25.50, 26.00, 26.50, 27.00, 27.50, 28.00, 28.50, 29.00, 29.50, 30.00, 30.50, 31.00, 31.50, 32.00, 32.50, 33.00, 33.50, 34.00, 34.50, 35.00, 35.50, 36.00, 36.50, 37.00, 37.50, 38.00, 38.50, 39.00, 39.50, 40.00, 40.50, 41.00, 41.50, 42.00, 42.50, 43.00, 43.50, 44.00, 44.50, 45.00, 45.50, 46.00, 46.50, 47.00, 47.50, 48.00, 48.50, 49.00, 49.50, 50.00, 50.50, 51.00, 51.50, 52.00, 52.50, 53.00, 53.50, 54.00, 54.50, 55.00, 55.50, 56.00, 56.50, 57.00, 57.50, 58.00, 58.50, 59.00, 59.50, 60.00, 60.50, 61.00, 61.50, 62.00, 62.50, 63.00, 63.50, 64.00, 64.50, 65.00, 65.50, 66.00, 66.50, 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# VIOLA GWYN

George Barr McCutcheon

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## SYNOPSIS

**PROLOGUE.**—Kenneth Gwynne was five years old in the spring of 1912 when his father ran away from Kennebunk with Rachel Carter, a widow. They took with them Mindy, Rachel's baby daughter. In the fall Kenneth's mother died of a broken heart. His grandparents brought him up to hate the name of Rachel Carter, "an evil woman."

**CHAPTER I.**—Kenneth, now a young lawyer, seeks lodging for the night at the farm of Phineas Striker near Lafayette, Ind. It appears that Ken's father has recently died and that he is as he says to take possession of extensive lands he has inherited. The Strikers bought their farm of Ken's father and a mortgage on his estate. Mrs. Gwynne, the widow of the late lawyer, is now a widow. A beautiful nineteen-year-old girl, who says she knew his father well and refuses to give her name, is visiting the Strikers. Ken is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER II.**—In the morning the girl in green, Striker's daughter, is planning to elope with Barry Lapelle and her mother came in the night and took her home. An Ken goes on his way to Striker's house. "That girl was Viola Gwynn and she's your half-sister."

**CHAPTER III.**—A handsome, dashing young fellow rides up and introduces himself as Barry Lapelle.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Isaac Stain, a farmer, gives Ken a message from Viola to call as soon as he reaches Lafayette.

**CHAPTER V.**—At Lafayette Ken goes to a lawyer, Cornell, and the will of the late Gwynne, formerly known as Robert Gwynne, is read. It divides property between Ken and Rachel Carter, who is not his father's daughter but his mother's. Ken is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Ken calls at Viola's home and finds Rachel in the house. Rachel reviews the past, which nobody in Lafayette knows. Rachel tells him that Viola is not his father's daughter but his mother's. Ken is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Ken meets Viola and Lapelle. They make up their minds to elope. Ken is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Ken resolves to stay in Lafayette, moves into a house and meets a woman who is the daughter of a wealthy man. Ken is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Lapelle has gone down the river and back to his home. Ken is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER X.**—Lapelle returns. He has been drinking. He and Viola quarrel. Ken is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER XI.**—Viola realizes that her love for him is not that of a sister. Ken tells her the plot to elope. Ken is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Ken tells Rachel of the plot. Rachel says "You are in love with her." Ken admits it. "Would you marry her?" asks Rachel. "If she would ever find out who she really is," Ken says he would. Then Rachel says she was never married to Ken's father.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—Viola, the next morning at dawn, runs over to her house to tell him that her mother has disappeared. On her way back Lapelle meets her. Lapelle tells her about her mother's past.

**CHAPTER XIV.**—Viola appears with a note and with a letter from her mother. Lapelle is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER XV.**—Lapelle returns. He has been drinking. He and Viola quarrel. Ken is much interested in her.

**CHAPTER XVI.**—Lapelle returns. He has been drinking. He and Viola quarrel. Ken is much interested in her.

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**CHAPTER XIX.**—Lapelle returns. He has been drinking. He and Viola quarrel. Ken is much interested in her.

She kept her head down. A scarlet wave crept over her face. "I wish you wouldn't call me that, Mr. Gwynne. Hit—hit makes me feel kind of—kind of lonesome-like. Just as if I didn't have no friends. Call me Moll. That's all I am."

He studied for a moment the half-averted face of this girl of the forest. He could not help contrasting it with the clear-cut, delicate, beautifully modeled face of another girl of the dark frontier—Viola Gwynn. And out of this swift estimate grew a new pity for the poor Moll Hawk, the pity one feels for the vanquished.

"You will be surprised to find how many friends you have, Moll," he said gently.

There was no indication that she was impressed one way or the other by this remark. She drew back from the window and faced him, her eyes keen and searching.

"Do you reckon anybody is listening?" she asked.

"I think not. In fact, I am sure we are quite alone."

"Well, this is something I don't keep to have the shurest know, or anybody else, Mr. Gwynne. Hiss about Mr. Lapelle."

"Yes," he said, as she paused warily.

"Mrs. Gwynne she told me this morning that whatever I said to my lawyer would be secreted and wouldn't ever be let out to anybody, no matter what it was. She said it was against the code or something. Wuz she right?"

"In a sense, yes. Of course, you must understand, Moll, that no honest lawyer will obligate himself to shield a criminal or a fugitive from justice, or—I may as well say to you now that if you expect that of me I must warn you not to tell me anything. You would force me to withdraw as your counsel."

"I wuz only thinkin' mobby you could see your way to do somethin' I wuz goin' to ask. I jest wanted to git word to Mr. Lapelle."

"Mr. Lapelle and I are not friends, Moll."

"Is it beca' of what I asked Ike Stain to tell?"

"Partly."

"I mean about stealin' Miss Viola Gwynn an' takin' her away with him?"

"I want to thank you, Moll, for sending me the warning. It was splendid of you."

"Oh, I didn't do it beca'—" she began, somewhat defiantly, and then closed her lips tightly. The sudden look came back into her eyes.

"I understand. You—you like him yourself."

"Well—what of I do?" she burst out. "Hill's my look-out, ain't it?"

"Certainly. I am not blaming you."

"I guess there ain't no use talkin' any more," she said flatly. "You wouldn't tell what I want you to do anyhow, so what's the sense of askin' you. We better go back to the kitchen."

"It may console you to hear that I have already told Mr. Lapelle that he must get out of this town before tomorrow morning," she said deliberately. "And stay out!"

She leaned forward, her face brightening. "You told him to get away to-night?" she half-whispered, eagerly. "I thought you said you wasn't a friend of his."

"That's what I said."

"Then, what did you warn him to get away for?"

He was thinking rapidly. "I did it

st married to him, knowin' what I do. I wuz tryin' to make up my mind to go see her some time an' tell her not to marry him, but I jest couldn't seem to git the spunk to do it. She used to come to see me when I wuz sick last winter an' she wuz mighty nice to me."

"First thing I know, him an' Pap begin to fix up this plan to carry her off. So I started up to town to tell her. I got as far as Ike's when I figured I better let him do it. Him bein' a man, so I dropped in at his cabin an' told him. I didn't know what else to do. I had to stop 'em from doin' it somehow. Hit wouldn't do no good fer me to beg Pap to drop it, or to rare up on my hind-legs an' make threats agin' 'em, 'ca'use they'd soon put a stop to that. Course I had it all figured out what I wuz goin' to do when they pack o' rascals got caught tryin' to steal her—some of 'em shot, like as not—and I didn't much keer whether my Pap wuz one of 'em or not."

"I knowed where Mr. Lapelle wuz to meet 'em down the river across from Le Grange, so I wuz figgerin' on findin' him there an' tellin' him what had happened an' fer him to make his escape down the river while he had such a good start. I wuzn't goin' to let anything happen to Miss Viola Gwynn if I could help it. I—I sort of figured it out as a good way to help both of my friends, Mr. Gwynne, an'—an' then this here thing happened. I want Mr. Lapelle to git away safe—'ca' I know what Pap's goin' to do. He's goin' to but out a lot of things. He says he's sure Mr. Lapelle put Mrs. Gwynn up to havin' him arrested."

"I think you may rest easy, Moll," said he, a trifle grimly. "Mr. Lapelle had an engagement with me for tomorrow morning, but I'll make my life be will not be here to keep it."

"All right," she said, satisfied. "If you say so, Mr. Gwynne, I'll believe it. What do you think they'll do to Pap?"

"He will probably get a dose of the whipping-post, for one thing."

She grinned. "Gosh, I wish I could be some-er about so's I could see it," she cried.

## CHAPTER XIX

**Challenge and Retort.**

Kenneth could hardly contain himself until the time came for him to go home for his Monday meal. Try as he would, he could not divorce his thoughts from the trouble that had come to Viola. The sinister tragedy in Martin Hawk's cabin was as nothing compared to the calamity that had befallen the girl he loved, for Moll Hawk's troubles would pass like a whirl of the wind, while Viola's would endure to the end of time—always a shadow hanging over her brightest day, a cloud that would not vanish. Out of the silence had come a murmur more desolating than the thunderbolt with all its bombastic fury; out of the silence had come a voice that would go on forever whispering into her ear an unlovely story.

A crowd still hung about the jail and small, ever-shifting groups held sober discourse in front of business places. He hurried by them and struck off to the road, his mind so intent upon what lay ahead of him that he failed to notice that Jack Trentman had detached himself from the group in front of the undertaker's and was following swiftly after him. He was nearly halfway home when he turned, in response to a call from behind, and beheld the gambler.

"I'd like a word with you, Mr. Gwynne," drawled Jack.

"I am in somewhat of a hurry, Mr. Gwynne."

"I'll walk along with you, if you don't mind," said the other, coming up beside him. "I'm not in the habit of beating about the bush. When I've got anything to do, I do it without much addling. Barry Lapelle is down at my place. He has asked me to represent him in a little controversy that seems to call for practical adjudication. How will you do after tomorrow at five in the morning with me?"

"Perfectly," replied Kenneth, stiffly. "I have my obligations to Mr. Lapelle and say to him that I overlook the irregularity and will be glad to meet him at any time and any place."

"I know it's irregular," chuckled Mr. Trentman, with an apologetic wave of the hand, "but he was so sure of you, Mr. Gwynne, so he expected that I come to you direct. If you will oblige me with the name of the friend who is to act as proxy, I will make a point of apologizing for having neglected you in this matter, and also perfect the details with him."

"I haven't given the matter a moment's thought," said Kenneth, frowning. "I say after tomorrow morning, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you arrange it for tomorrow morning?"

Mr. Trentman spread out his hands in a deprecating manner. "In view of the fact that you are expected to appear in court at ten tomorrow morning to defend on unbecomingly girl, Mr. Lapelle feels that he would be doing your client a very grave injustice if he asked her lawyer—or a trifle prematurely, you might say. He has counted on me that he's the young man's friend and can't bear the thought of having her chances jeopardized by—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Trentman," interrupted Kenneth shortly. "Both of you are unaccountably thoughtful and considerate. Now that I am reminded of my present little encounter with Mr. Lapelle this morning, I am constrained to remark that I have had all the satisfaction I desire. You may say to him that I am a gentleman and not in the habit of fighting duels with him."

thieves."

Mr. Trentman started. His raucous aplomb sustained a sharp spasm that left him with a slightly fallen jaw.

"Am I to understand, sir, that you are referring to my friend as a horse thief?" he demanded, bristling.

"I merely asked you to take that message to him," said Kenneth coolly. "I might add cattle thief, sheep stealer, hog thief or—"

"Why, good G—d, sir," gasped Trentman, "he'd shot you down like a dog if I—"

"You might also tell Mr. Lapelle that his bosom friend Martin Hawk is in jail."

"Well, what of it?"

"Does Lapelle know that Martin is in jail?"

"Certainly—and he says he ought to be hung. That's what he thinks of Hawk. A man that would sell his own—"

"Hawk is in jail for stockstealing, Mr. Trentman."

"What's that got to do with the case? What's that got to do with your calling my friend a horse thief?"

"A whole lot, sir. You will probably find out before the day is over that you are harboring and concealing a thief down there in your shanty, and you may thank Martin Hawk for the information in case you prefer not to accept the word of a gentleman. If you were to come to me as a client seeking counsel, I should not hesitate to advise you—as your lawyer—that there is a law against harboring criminals and that you are laying yourself open to prosecution."

Trentman dubiously felt of his chin. "Being well versed in the law," he said, "I suppose you realize that Mr. Lapelle can recover heavy damages against you in case what you have said to me isn't true."

"Perfectly. Therefore, I repeat to you that I cannot engage in an affair of honor with a thief. I knocked him down this morning, but that was in the heat of righteous anger. For fear that your report to him may lead Mr. Lapelle to construe my refusal to meet him day after tomorrow morning as cowardice on my part, permit me to make this request of you. Please say to him that I shall arm myself with a pistol as soon as I have reached my house, and that I expect to be going about the streets of Lafayette as usual."

"I see," said Trentman, after a moment. "You mean you'll be ready for him in case he hunts you up?"

"Exactly."

"By the way, Mr. Gwynne, have you ever fought a duel?"

"No."

"Would it interest you to know that Mr. Lapelle has engaged in several, with disastrous results to his adversary?"

"I think he has already mentioned something of the kind to me."

"I'd sooner be your friend than your enemy, Mr. Gwynne," said the gambler earnestly. "I am a permanent citizen of this town and I have no quarrel with you. As your friend, I am obliged to inform you that Barry Lapelle is a dead shot and as quick as lightning with a pistol. I hope you will take this in the same spirit that it is given."

"I thank you, sir," said Kenneth, courteously. "By the way, do you happen to have a pistol with you at present, Mr. Trentman?"

The other looked at him keenly for a few seconds before answering. "I have. I seldom go without one."

"If you will do me the kindness to walk with me up to the woods beyond the lake and will grant me the loan of your weapon for half a minute, I think I may be able to demonstrate to you that Mr. Lapelle is not the only dead shot in the world. I was brought up with a pistol in my hand, so to speak. Have you ever tried to shoot a ground squirrel at twenty paces? You have to be pretty quick to do that, you know."

Trentman shook his head. "There's a lot of difference between shooting a ground squirrel and blazing away at a man who is blazing at you at the same time. I'll take your word for the ground squirrel business, Mr. Gwynne, and bid you good day."

"My regards to your principal and my apologies to you, Mr. Trentman," said Kenneth, lifting his hat.

The gambler raised his own hat. A close observer would have noticed a troubled, anxious gleam in his eye as he turned to return his steps in the direction of the square. It was the custom to receive slowly when thus being the streets of the town, as one who practices his own importance and enjoys it. He never hurried.

He turned rather more gracefully than usual, then when standing still. He was to stand about briefly with him, who had been looking at him for some time in his life he appeared actually to be going somewhere. As he reached the corner and came in sight of the jail he directed a hard, searching glance upon the barred window and a quite noticeable scowl set upon his ordinarily untroubled brow with a sort of one searching intensity, were apprehensively.

He was troubled. His composure was woeily disturbed. Kenneth Gwynne had given him something to think about—and the more he thought about it the faster he walked. He was perspiring quite freely and he was a little short of breath when he swung open the door and entered his "den of iniquity" down by the river. He took in at a glance the three men seated at a table in a corner of the somewhat commodious "saloon." One of them was holding "four hands" in his room.

A fourth man, his dealer, was leaning against the window frame, watching the game with the intense, moving river. Two of the men at the table were new-comers to town. They had come up by the river and they

had already established themselves in his estimation as "sketchy"; that is, they had been picked pretty clean by "buzzards" in other climes before traveling to his "honeyland."

He considered himself a good judge of men, and he did not like the looks of this ill-favored pair. He had made up his mind that he did not want them hanging around the "shanty"; men of that stripe were just the sort to give the place a bad name! One of them had recalled himself to Barry Lapelle the night before; said he used to work for a trader down south or somewhere.

Without the ceremony of a knock on the door, Mr. Trentman entered a room at the end of the shanty, and there he found Lapelle reclining on a cot. Two narrow slits in a puffed expanse of purple grading off to a greenish yellow indicated the position of Barry's eyes. The once resplendent dandy was now a sorry sight.

"Say," began Trentman, after he had closed the door, "I want to know just how things stand with you and Martin Hawk. No beating about the bush, Barry. I want the truth and nothing else."

Barry calmed himself on one elbow and peered at his host. "I want to know just how things stand with you and Martin Hawk. No beating about the bush, Barry. I want the truth and nothing else."

"Are you mixed up with him in this stock-stealing business?"

"Well, that's a bit of a question to ask."

"It's easy to answer. Are you?"

"Certainly not—and I ought to put a bullet through you for asking such an insulting question."

"He's in jail, charged with stealing sheep and calves, and he's started to talk. Now, look here, Lapelle, I'm your friend, but if you are mixed up in this business the sooner you get out of here the better it will suit me. Wait a minute! I've got more to say. I know you're planning to go down on the boat tomorrow, but I don't believe it's soon enough. I've seen Gwynne. He says in plain English that he won't fight a duel with a horse thief. He must have some reason for saying that. He has been employed as Moll Hawk's lawyer. She's probably been talking, too. I've been thinking pretty hard the last ten minutes or so, and I'm beginning to understand why you wanted me to arrange the duel for day after tomorrow when you knew you were leaving town on the river in the morning. You were trying to throw Gwynne off the track. I thought at first it was because you were afraid to fight him, but now I see things differently. I'll be obliged to you if you'll come straight out and tell me what's in the air. I'm a square man and I like to know whether I'm dealing with 'square men or not.'"

Lapelle sat up suddenly on the edge of the bed. Somehow, it seemed to Trentman, the greenish yellow had spread lightly over the rest of his face.

"You say Martin's in jail for stealing?"

"Yes, asked, gripping the corn-busk bedtick with tense, nervous fingers, and not in connection with the killing of Suggs?"

"Yep. And I sort of guess you'll be with him before you're much older, if Gwynne knows what he's—"

"I've got to get out of this town to-night, Jack," cried the younger man, starting to his feet. "Understand, I'm not saying I am mixed up in any way with Hawk and his crowd, but—I've got important business in Allen early

to-morrow morning. That's all you can get me to say. I'll sneak up the back road to the tavern and pack my saddle and things this afternoon, and I'll leave money with you to settle with John. I may have to ask you to fetch my horse down here."

"Just a minute," broke in Trentman, who had been regarding him with hard, calculating eyes. "If it's as bad as all this, I guess you'd better not wait till to-morrow. It may be too late—and besides I don't want the sheriff coming down here and jerking you out of my place. You don't need to tell me anything more about your relations with Hawk. I'm no fool, Barry. I know how that you are mixed up in this stock-stealing business that's been going on for months. It don't take a very sharp brain to grasp the situation. You've probably been making a pretty good thing out of selling this stuff down the river on your horse and— Now, don't get up on your ear, my friend. No use trying to bamboozle me. You're scared stiff—and that's enough for me. And you've got a right to be. This will put

an end to your company's horse coming up here for traffic—it will kill you dander'n a doornail so far as business is concerned. So you'd better get out at once. I never liked you very much anyhow and now I've got no use for you at all. Just to save my skin and my own reputation as a law-abiding citizen, I'll help you to get away. Now, here's what I'll do. I'll send up and get your horse and have him down here inside of fifteen minutes. There's so darned much excitement up in town about this murder that nobody's going to notice you for the time being. And besides a lot of farmers from over west are coming in, scared half to death about Black Hawk's Indians. They'll be out looking for you before long, your lordship, and it won't be for the purpose of inviting you to have a drink. They'll probably bring a rail along with 'em, so's you'll at least have the consolation of riding up to the calaboose. You'll—"

"Oh, for God's sake!" grated Barry, furiously. "Don't try to be comical, Trentman. This is no time to joke—or preach either. Give me a swig of—"

"Nopes! No whisky, my friend," said the gambler firmly. "Whisky always puts false courage into a man, and I don't want you to be doing anything foolish. I'll have your mare 'Fanny' down here in fifteen minutes, saddled and everything, and you will hop on her and ride up the street. Right past the courthouse, just as if you're out for an hour's canter for your health. You will not have any saddlebags or traps. You'll ride light, my friend. That will throw 'em on the track. But what I want you to do as soon as you get out the other side of the tanyard is to turn in your raddle and wave a last farewell to the Star city. You might throw a bias at it, too, while you're about it. Because you've got a long journey ahead of you and you're not coming back—that is, unless they overtake you. There's some pretty fast horses in this town, as you may happen to remember. So I'd advise you to get a good long start—and keep it."

If Lapelle heard all of this he gave no sign, for he had slipped over to the little window and was peering obliquely through the trees toward the road that led from the "shanty" toward the town. Suddenly he turned upon the gambler, a savage grin on his lips.

"You bet I'll come back! And when I do, I'll give this town something to talk about. I'll make tracks now. It's the only thing to do. But I'm not licked—not by a long shot, Jack Trentman. I'll be back inside of—"

"I'll make you a present of a couple of pistols a fellow left with me for a debt a month or so ago. You may need 'em," said Trentman blithely. "Better get ready to start. I'll have the horse here in no time."

"You're a d-d cold-blooded," growled Barry, pettishly.

"Yep," agreed the other. "But I'm kind-hearted."

He went out, slamming the door behind him. Twenty minutes later, Barry emerged from the "shanty" and mounted his sleek, restless thoroughbred. Having recovered, for purposes of deception, his jolly, cock-of-the-walk attitude toward the world, he rode off jauntily in the direction of the town, according to Trentman the scant courtesy of a careless wave of the hand at parting. He had counted his money, examined the borrowed pistols, and at the last moment had hurriedly dashed off a brief letter to Kenneth Gwynne, to be posted the following day by the avid though obliging Mr. Trentman.

Stiffing his rancor and cooing his vanity at the same time, he cantered boldly past the tavern, bitterly aware of the protruded look of amazement that interrupted the conversation of some of the most influential citizens of the place as at least a score of eyes fell upon his battered visage. Pride and rage got the better of him. He whirled Fanny about with a savage jerk and rode back to the group.

"Take a good look, gentlemen," he snapped out, his eyes gleaming for all the world like two thin little slivers of red-hot iron. "The coward who hit me before I had a chance to defend myself has just denied me the satisfaction of a duel. I sent him a challenge to fight it out with pistols day after tomorrow morning. He is afraid to meet me. The challenge still stands. If you should see Mr. Gwynne, gentlemen, between now and Friday morning, do me the favor to say that I will be the happiest man on earth if he can muster up sufficient courage to change his mind. Good-day, gentlemen."

With this vainglorious though vicious challenge to an absent enemy, he cantered the gallop to Fanny's flank and rode away. His head erect, his back as stiff as a ramrod, leaving behind him a staring group whose astonishment did not give way to levity until he was nearing the corner of the square. He cantered softly under his breath at the sound of the first gunfire; he subsided with difficulty a wild, reckless impulse to turn in the saddle and send a shot or two at them. But this was no time for folly, no time to lose his head.

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